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ATTACK!

HIGH UP ON A HEADLAND WHICH OVERLOOKS THE BRITISH SEAPORT TOWN OF EBOR BAY THERE STANDS A MONUMENT. THIS STONE COLUMN WHITENED BY THE SALTY WINDS FROM THE SEA, WAS ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF EBOR BAY AS AN EVERLASTING TRIBUTE TO AN UNKNOWN MAN WHO SAVED THEM AND THEIR TOWN FROM COMPLETE AND HORRIFYING ANNIHILATION.

TO TELL THIS STORY WE MUST GO BACK TO THE 9TH. APRIL, 1940. FOR IT WAS ON THAT DAY THAT THE HORDES OF NAZI GERMANY SWEPT INTO NORWAY...

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Chapter 1. FEAT OF ARMS

AT THAT MOMENT, AN UNINVITED GUEST JOINED THE GROUP OF TOUGH, WEATHER-BEATEN MEN WHO KNEW EVERY INCH OF THE HIGH AND RUGGED MOUNTAINS...

A MURMUR OF DISAPPROVAL CAME FROM SOME OF THE MEN AT GUNNAR'S QUIET STATEMENT. BUT THE MAYOR QUICKLY SILENCED THEM...

GUNNAR'S HEAD DROPPED. HE KNEW ONLY TOO WELL THAT LARS' WORDS WERE TRUE. HIS MIND WENT BACK TO THE TIME WHEN, AS YOUNGSTERS, THEY HAD SET OFF TO CLIMB IN THE MOUNTAINS. GUNNAR WAS RELUCTANT TO GO, BUT HE DARE NOT ADMIT HIS FEAR OF HEIGHTS. HIGH UP ON A NARROW LEDGE HIS NERVE HAD SNAPPED...
GUNNAR IS TRAPPED! WE WILL HAVE TO GET HELP!
LARS! ROLF! HELP ME! I CAN'T GO ON!

GUNNAR'S FRIENDS HAD NEITHER THE EXPERIENCE NOR THE EQUIPMENT TO RESCUE HIM. IT WAS ONLY AFTER A LONG, COLD AND TERROR-RIDDEN NIGHT THAT GUNNAR WAS FINALLY BROUGHT DOWN FROM THAT PERILOUS LEDGE.
POOR DEVIL! LET US HOPE HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT OF TERROR, GUNNAR SOMMERFELT NEVER AGAIN VENTURED INTO THE MOUNTAINS. ON LEAVING SCHOOL, HE HAD BECOME A FISHERMAN AND HIS SKILL WITH A BOAT BECAME SECOND TO NONE.

LARS IS RIGHT... I WOULD BE OF NO USE TO YOU IN THE MOUNTAINS. BUT MY BOAT WILL BE USEFUL IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE NAZIS.

THAT IS TRUE, MY FRIENDS! GUNNAR CAN HELP US CONTACT THE OTHER RESISTANCE GROUPS SCATTERED ALONG OUR COASTS.

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, GUNNAR PROVED HIS USEFULNESS. THEN, ONE EVENING, AS GUNNAR CAME ALONGSIDE THE QUAY...

MAYOR HAUGEN..? WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?

THERE IS A GERMAN PATROL CAMPED OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE, GUNNAR. I AM TO PARADE WITH MEMBERS OF THE VILLAGE COUNCIL IN THE SQUARE TOMORROW MORNING TO MEET THEIR COMMANDANT.

NEXT MORNING, COLONEL LUTHER RADMACHER, WITH NARROWED EYES AND A THIN SMILE PLAYING ON HIS LIPS, HARANGUED THE HOSTILE VILLAGERS.

GOOD CITIZENS OF BJERGAARD, THE ARMIES OF THE THIRD REICH HAVE ARRIVED IN YOUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE BRITISH AGGRESSOR, YOU NEED NO DEFENCE AGAINST US.., WE ARE YOUR TRUE FRIENDS...

HE HAS THE EYES OF A SNAKE, MAYOR HAUGEN!

RADMACHER'S SPEECH DRAGGED ON FOR AN HOUR — PACKED FULL WITH LIES AND SELF-PRAISE.

THE VILLAGERS WERE TO BE ALLOWED TO LIVE THEIR NORMAL LIVES...WHICH MEANT THAT GUNNAR COULD CONTINUE TO USE HIS BOAT. THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT TOOK FULL ADVANTAGE OF THIS CONCESSION.

AN URGENT JOB FOR YOU, GUNNAR. YOU ARE TO GO TO LAAGS FIORD TONIGHT... THE RESISTANCE THERE HAVE STOLEN A RADIO FOR US...

IT SHALL BE DONE, MAYOR HAUGEN! I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW EVENING!

AS THE TWILIGHT SETTLED ON THE QUIET WATERS OF THE FIORD, GUNNAR'S SMALL BOAT HEADED FOR THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE OPEN SEA.

DAWN WAS CASTING ITS GREY LIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAINS AS GUNNAR STEERED HIS BOAT INTO A ROCKY CREEK LYING DEEP IN THE NEIGHBOURING LAAGS FIORD.

WELCOME, GUNNAR! WE HAVE YOUR RADIO READY FOR YOU — AND A VERY GOOD SET IT IS, TOO!

WELL DONE, MY FRIENDS. LET US GET IT ABOARD QUICKLY. I HAVE PROMISED TO RETURN BY EVENING.

HIDING THE RADIO BENEATH THE DECK, GUNNAR'S RESISTANCE FRIENDS SPILLED BASKETS OF FRESHLY CAUGHT FISH OVER THE DECK TO CONCEAL THE HATCH.
THAT'S THE EASIEST NIGHT'S FISHING YOU'VE EVER HAD, GUNNAR!
THANKS, MY FRIENDS. I ONLY HOPE THE GERMANS DO NOT EXAMINE MY 'CATCH' TOO CLOSELY!

GUNNAR'S FEARS WERE WELL-FOUNDED. FOR, AS HE CHUGGED HOMEWARDS UP THE FIORD, AN ARMED TRAWLER BORE DOWN UPON HIM.
ACHTUNG! COME ALONGSIDE! WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!
BLAST THEM! THEY WOULD HAVE TO STOP ME TODAY OF ALL DAYS. BUT I DAREN'T LET THEM SEARCH THE BOAT!

AS BOATHOOKS PULLED GUNNAR'S BOAT FIRMLY AGAINST THE TRAWLER, AN ARROGANT YOUNG GERMAN LEUTNANT JUMPED ABOARD...

AH-HAH...! A GOOD CATCH, FISHERMAN, EH? JUST WHAT MY MEN NEED! YOU CAN TRANSFER THE FISH WHILE I TAKE A LOOK ROUND.

GUNNAR'S CONCERN WAS AT ONCE FOR THE SAFETY OF THE RADIO HIDDEN BENEATH THE DECK...IF THE FISH WERE REMOVED THEN THE HATCH WOULD BE REVEALED.

HELP YOURSELF, HERR LEUTNANT! ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS, I SHOULD TELL YOU FIRST THAT THIS FISH WAS ORDERED FOR COLONEL RADMACHER'S SUPPER. BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL MIND IF IT IS STOLEN BY HIS OWN MEN!

THE NAME OF COLONEL RADMACHER QUICKLY DISPELLED ANY INTENTION THE GERMAN MAY HAVE HAD FOR TAKING GUNNAR'S FISH. GUNNAR WAS SOON PROCEEDING CALMLY UP THE FIORD WITH HIS FISH AND RADIO INTACT.
HAPPY VOYAGE, HERR FRITZ. I HOPE YOUR BOAT SPRINGS A LEAK!

WHEN GUNNAR TIED UP AT THE QUAY, MAYOR HAUGEN WAS WAITING WITH A HORSE-DRAWN CART TO CARRY AWAY THEIR SECRET CARGO
QUICKLY, GUNNAR! COVER THAT RADIO WITH FISH! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

THE TWO GERMAN SENTRIES PEERED INTO THE BOAT. IF THEY SEARCHED IT—AS THEY SOMETIMES DID—THEN THINGS WOULD BE VERY SERIOUS. BUT ONCE AGAIN GUNNAR'S QUICK THINKING CAME TO THE RESCUE...
HEY... SO YOU ADMIRE MY FINE CATCH, EH? HERE, TAKE ONE AND COOK IT FOR YOUR SUPPER!
WHAT THE..? THANKS ...THANKS!

GUNNAR'S SHOW OF FRIENDLINESS PUT THE SENTRIES COMPLETELY OFF THEIR GUARD AND WITH THE PROSPECT OF A HEARTY SUPPER BEFORE THEM, THEY MARCHED OFF.
THAT WAS CLOSE! I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO SEARCH THE BOAT! YOU CERTAINLY SAVED THE SITUATION THAT TIME, GUNNAR!

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED—THE QUICK-WITTED FISHERMAN, GUNNAR SOMMERFELT, PITTED HIS WITS TIME AND AGAIN AGAINST A CUNNING AND RUTHLESS ENEMY AND WON! AND ALL THE TIME, THE NEWS OF THE WAR'S PROGRESS WAS RECEIVED EAGERLY FROM THE STOLEN GERMAN RADIO...
SSSSH! LONDON IS COMING THROUGH CLEARLY TONIGHT!

THE GREAT TRANSMITTERS IN LONDON BEAMED OUT THE NEWS OF DARING ATTACKS ON THE ENEMY — ATTACKS WHICH BROUGHT HOPE TO THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES OF EUROPE...

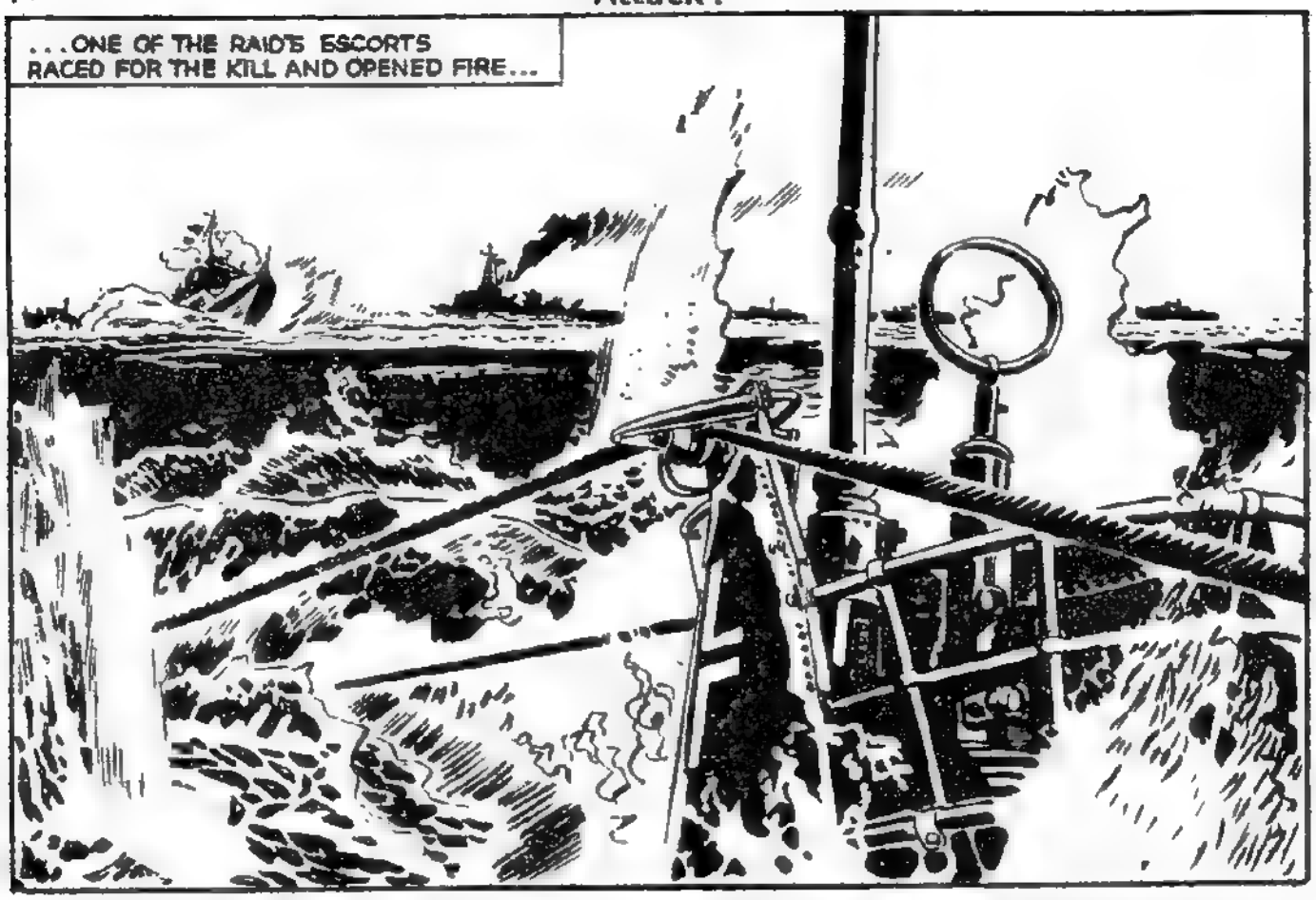
....ON THE 26TH MARCH, 1942, A FORCE OF SMALL LAUNCHES, MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS AND THE DESTROYER 'CAMPBELTOWN' SAILED QUIETLY FROM A BRITISH PORT ESCORTED BY DESTROYERS OF THE HOME FLEET...

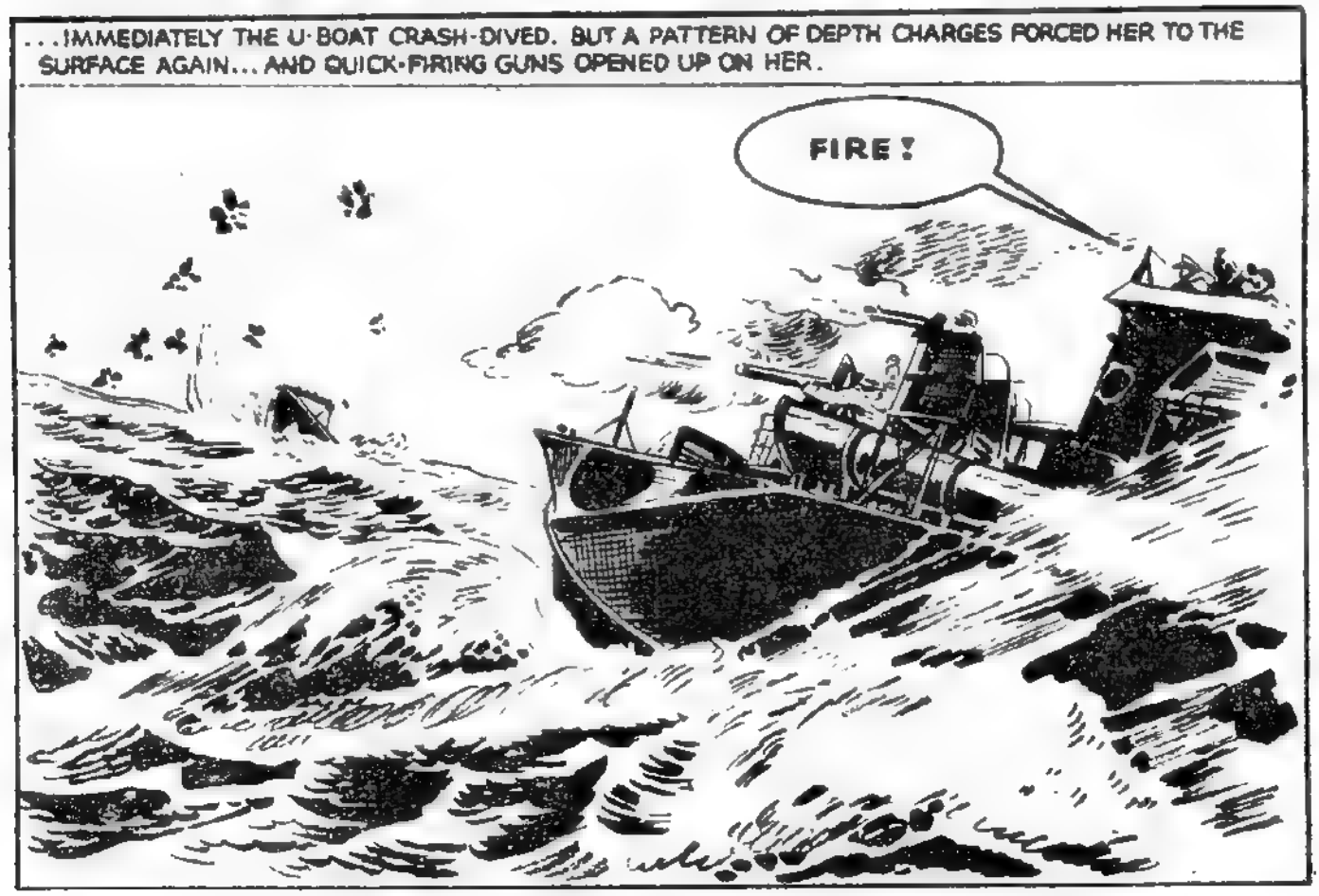
... AIRCRAFT OF FIGHTER COMMAND PROVIDED AN ADDITIONAL ESCORT WELL OUT INTO THE ATLANTIC...
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO, CHAPS — FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! S'LONG... AND GOOD LUCK!

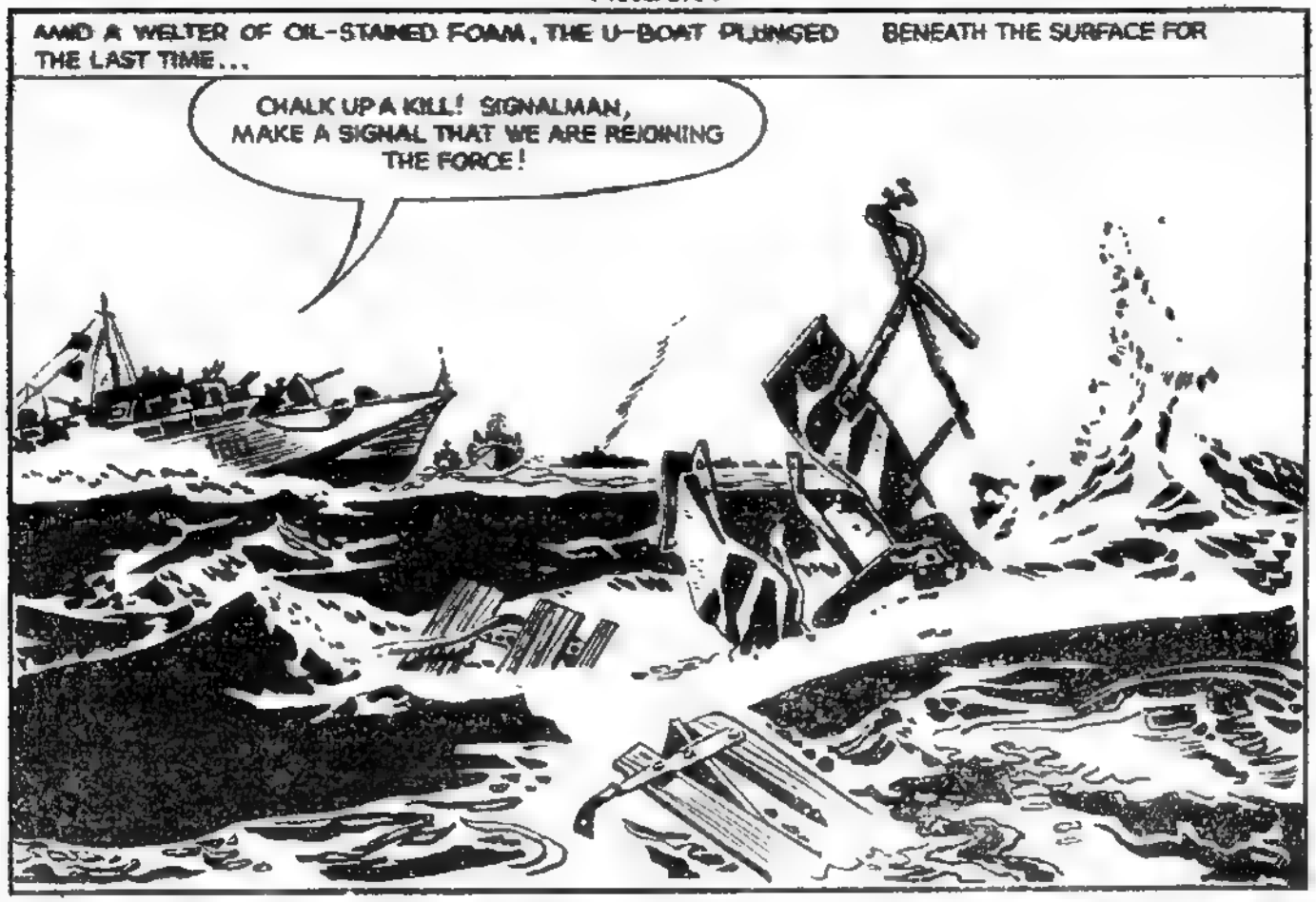
... IN THE MOTOR LAUNCHES WERE THE LANDING PARTIES CONSISTING OF ABOUT TWO-HUNDRED AND SIXTY MEN OF THE COMMANDOS...
THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF OUR FIGHTERS, CHUM! LET'S HOPE THEY'LL BE HERE TO MEET US WHEN WE GET BACK!
YOU MEAN IF WE GET BACK, DON'T YOU, NOBBY?

...THROUGHOUT THAT DAY AND ON INTO THE NIGHT, THEY SAILED PEACEFULLY OVER A CALM SEA. THE SECRET OF THE OPERATION HAD BEEN WELL KEPT, FOR NO ENEMY PLANES OR SURFACE SHIPS WERE SIGHTED...
THIS QUIET IS A BIT TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, SIR!
LET'S HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY, NUMBER ONE. IF WE CAN'T KEEP THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE, THEN WE'RE IN FOR A TOUGH TIME!

... BUT SUDDENLY, ON THE MORNING OF THE 27TH...
SUB ON PORT BOW, SIR...!
HMS


...ONE OF THE RAID'S ESCORTS RACED FOR THE KILL AND OPENED FIRE...


...IMMEDIATELY THE U-BOAT CRASH-DIVED. BUT A PATTERN OF DEPTH CHARGES FORCED HER TO THE SURFACE AGAIN... AND QUICK-FIRING GUNS OPENED UP ON HER.
FIRE!


AMID A WELTER OF OIL-STAINED FOAM, THE U-BOAT PLUNGED BENEATH THE SURFACE FOR THE LAST TIME...
CHALK UP A KILL! SIGNALMAN, MAKE A SIGNAL THAT WE ARE REJOINING THE FORCE!

...WITH THE ESCORT BACK AT HER STATION, THE FORCE PROCEEDED WITHOUT FURTHER TROUBLE AND AT ELEVEN P.M. THEY HEARD THE DRONE OF THE AIRCRAFT...
THERE GO THE BOMBERS! LET'S HOPE THEY CAN KEEP JERRY DUCKING LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET SAFELY ASHORE...

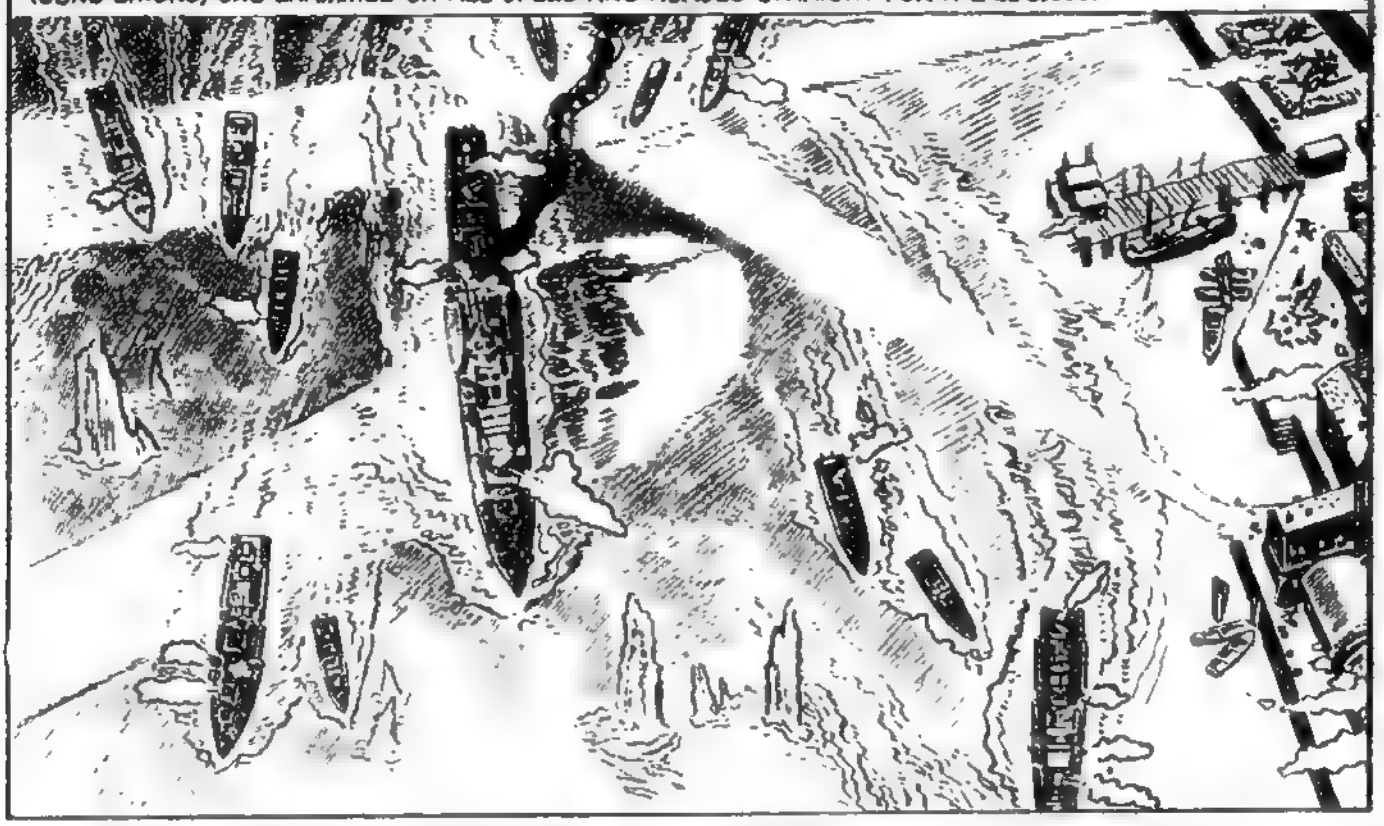
...BOMBER COMMAND'S RAID WAS DESIGNED TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE ENEMY FROM THE FORCE ATTACKING FROM THE SEA...
APPROACHING TARGET AREA NOW, SKIPPER!

...AS THE EXPLODING BOMBS AND ACK-ACK FIRE LIGHTED THE TARGET AHEAD, H.M.S. CAMPBELTOWN ENTERED THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER LOIRE AND SET COURSE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE HER FINAL ENGAGEMENT...
STEADY AS SHE GOES, COX'N!
STEADY AS SHE GOES, SIR!
...CAMPBELTOWN'S OBJECTIVE WAS THE GATE OF THE GREAT LOCK AT ST. NAZAIRE. PACKED INTO THE DESTROYER'S SLENDER BOWS WERE FIVE TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE...

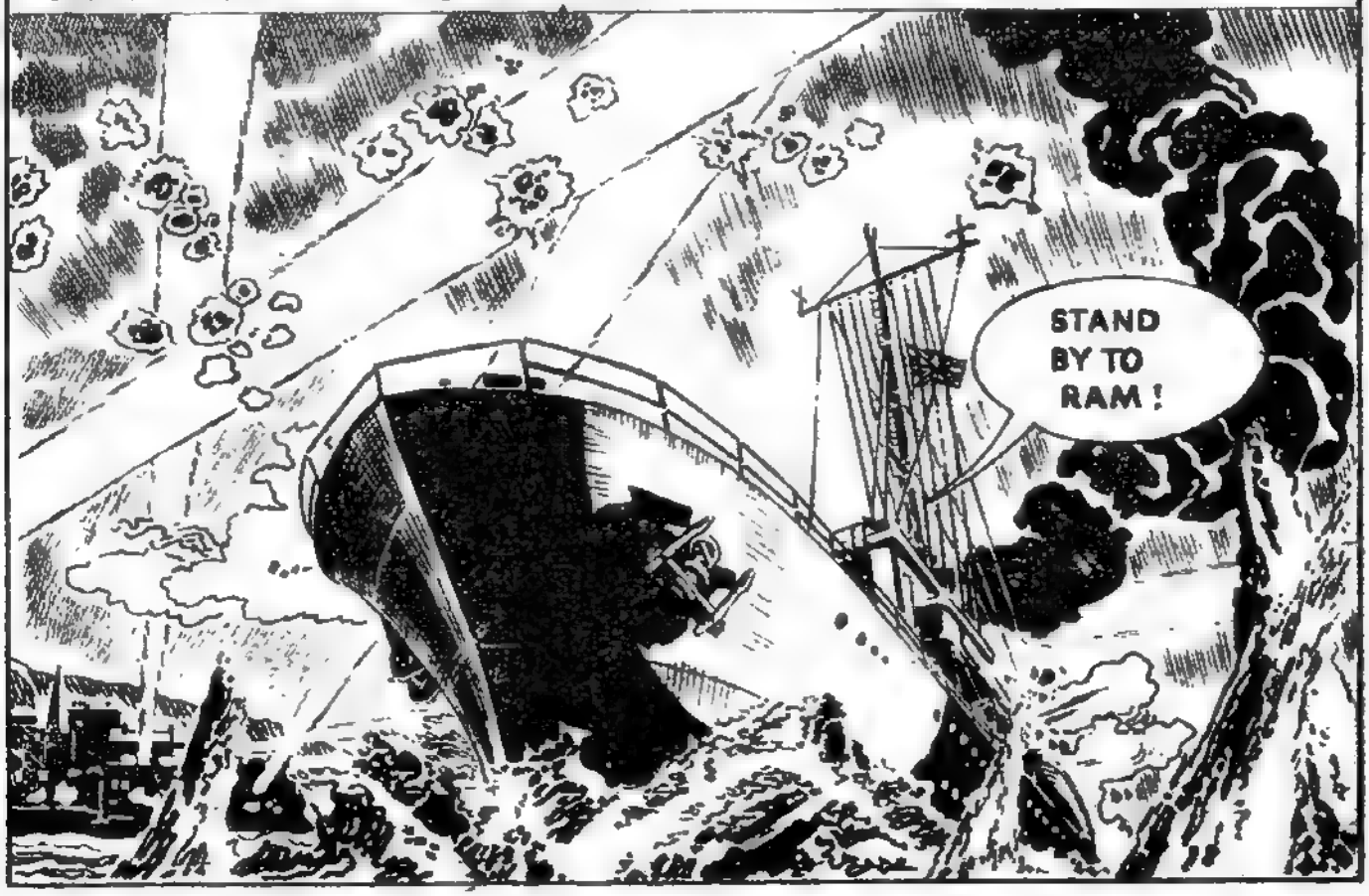
. . . BUT THE DIVERSION CREATED BY THE AIR RAID COULD NOT COVER THE SECRET ARRIVAL OF THE FORCE FOR EVER. SUDDENLY, A SEARCHLIGHT STABBED OUT FROM THE RIVER BANK . . .
THAT'S DONE IT! THE JOY RIDE IS OVER, LADS! FROM HERE ON WE FIGHT OUR WAY IN!

. . . WITHIN SECONDS, THE WHOLE FORCE WAS CAUGHT IN A NIGHTMARISH GLARE AS MORE SEARCHLIGHTS SWUNG ON TO THEM. FROM EITHER BANK CAME A CONCENTRATED HAIL OF FIRE . . .

...H.M.S. CAMPBELTOWN WAS STILL WELL OVER A MILE FROM HER OBJECTIVE WHEN THE ENEMY GUNNERS OPENED UP. BUT, WITH THE SMALL MOTOR LAUNCHES LADEN WITH COMMANDOS SCURRYING AROUND HER LIKE YOUNG CHICKS, SHE CRAMMED ON ALL SPEED AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE LOCK...



..ALTHOUGH REPEATEDLY HIT, THE DESTROYER STEAMED ON RELENTLESSLY — ANSWERING THE GERMANS' FIRE WITH THE FURY OF HER OWN GUNS...



...WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH, HER STEEL BOWS GROUND INTO THE LOCK GATE AND HELD FAST...

...NEXT MOMENT, ROPE LADDERS WERE FLUNG OVER THE SIDE. DOWN THEM SCRAMBLED THE COMMANDOS TO JOIN THEIR COMRADES SWARMING ASHORE FROM THE MOTOR LAUNCHES...
COME ON, LADS! WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME.

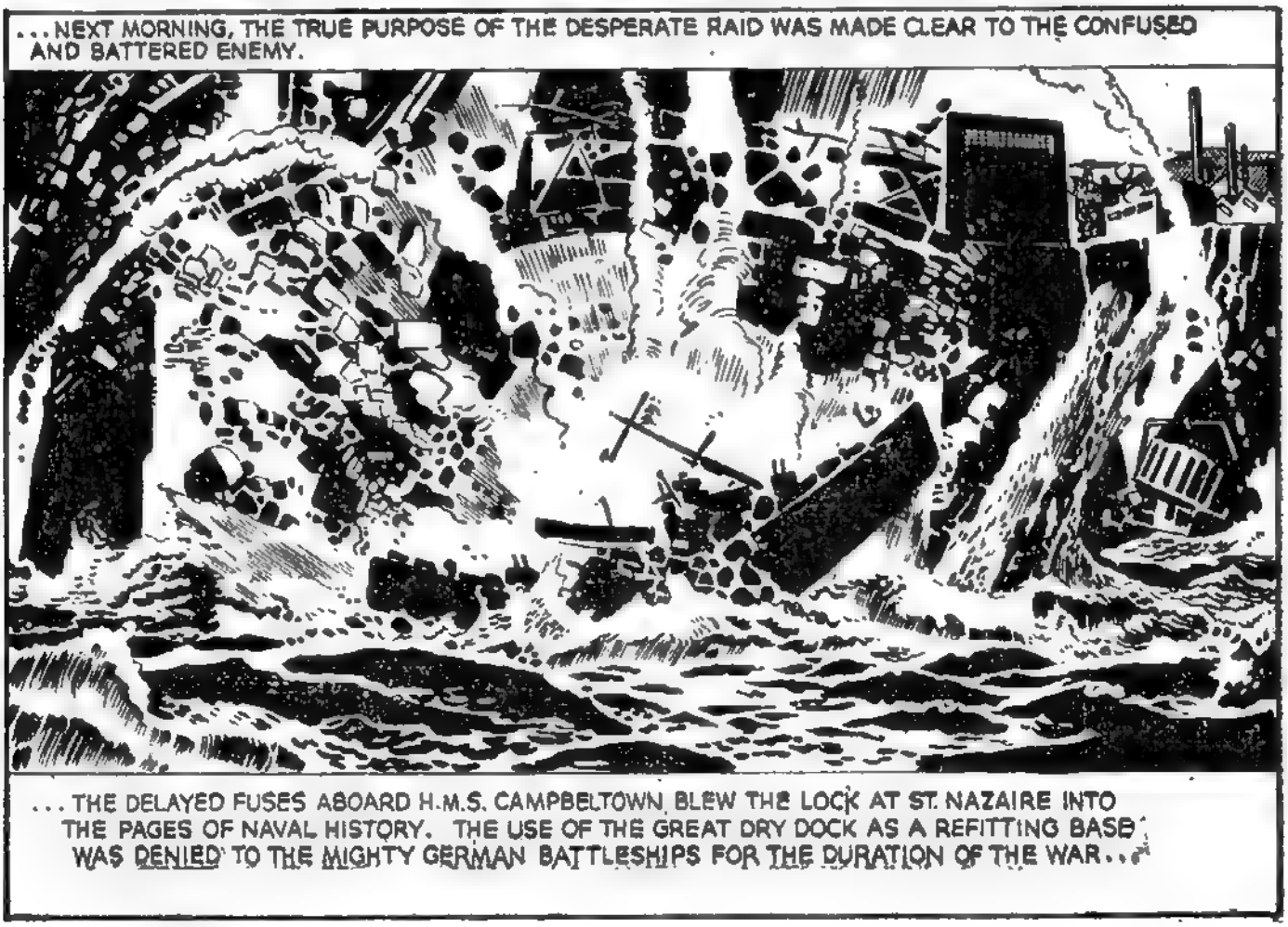
...SWIFTLY AND EXPERTLY, THE COMMANDOS SET ABOUT THEIR TASKS. A BLINDING FLASH RENT THE NIGHT AS THE BUILDING THAT HOUSED THE LOCK PUMPING MACHINERY WAS BLOWN SKY HIGH...

...SOON EXPLOSIONS WERE ERUPTING ALL OVER THE DOCK AS THE SCATTERED GROUPS OF COMMANDOS ACHIEVED THEIR SEPARATE AND CAREFULLY-PLANNED MISSIONS...

WELL DONE, LADS! JERRY WON'T BE USING THIS PORT FOR SOME TIME. NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE BOATS...IT'S GETTING TOO HOT TO HANG AROUND HERE ANY LONGER!

...BUT ON ARRIVING AT THE QUAY MANY OF THE COMMANDOS FOUND THERE WERE NO LAUNCHES TO TAKE THEM OFF. THE GALLANT FEW STILL AFLOAT PICKED UP WHAT WOUNDED THEY COULD AND WITHDREW DOWN THE RIVER...

...THE STRANDED COMMANDOS KNEW BEFORE THE ATTACK THAT THEIR CHANCES OF RETURN WERE SLENDER – AND MANY OF THEM, HAVING EXPENDED THEIR AMMUNITION, WERE TAKEN PRISONER ...
WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST MAG, MATES. ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS TO WAIT FOR JERRY TO COLLECT US!
125 - BBS


...NEXT MORNING, THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE DESPERATE RAID WAS MADE CLEAR TO THE CONFUSED AND BATTERED ENEMY.
... THE DELAYED FUSES ABOARD H.M.S. CAMPBELTOWN BLEW THE LOCK AT ST. NAZAIRE INTO THE PAGES OF NAVAL HISTORY. THE USE OF THE GREAT DRY DOCK AS A REFITTING BASE WAS DENIED TO THE MIGHTY GERMAN BATTLESHIPS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR...

Chapter 2. BETRAYAL

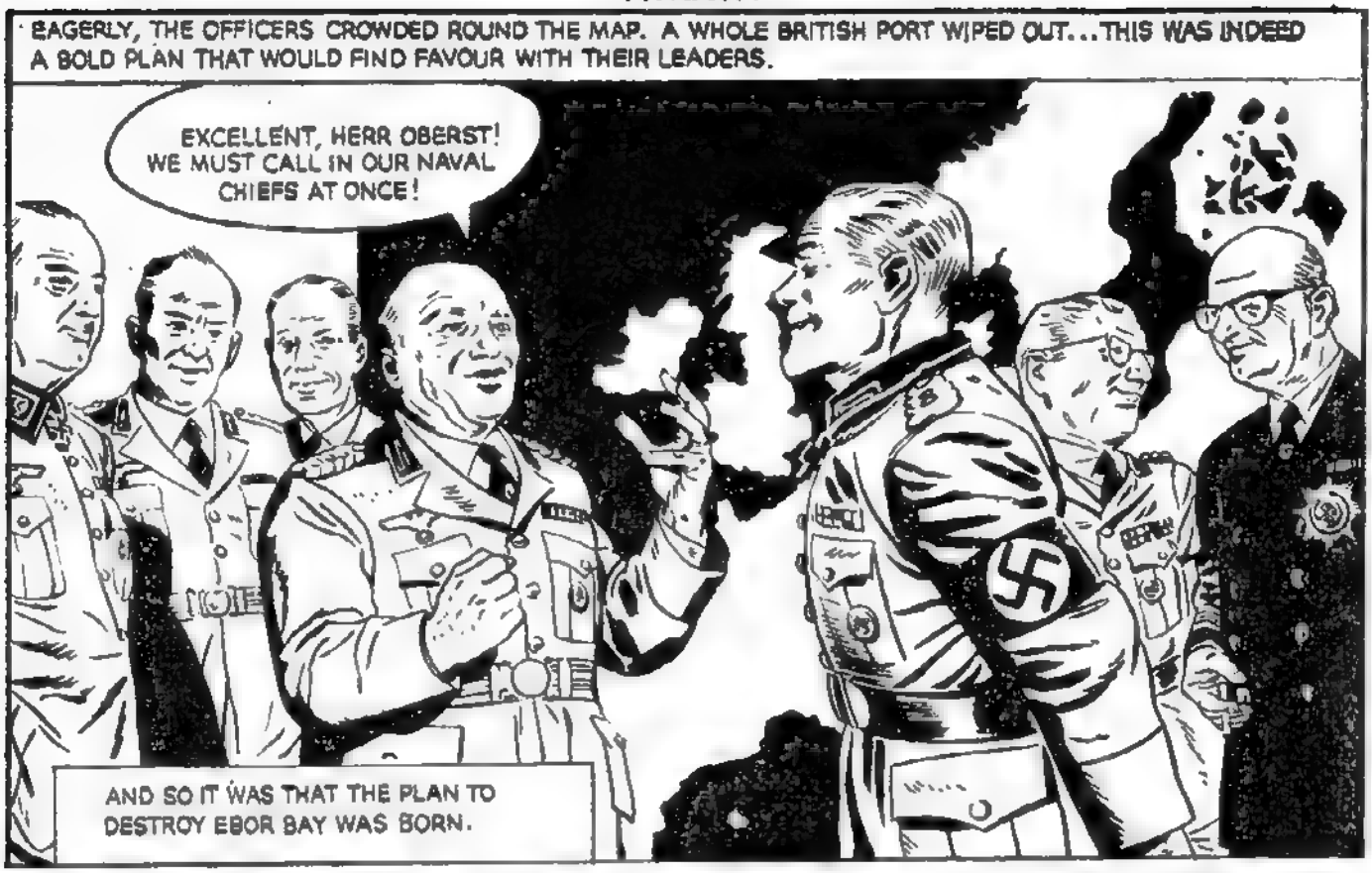
THE STAFF OFFICERS' SPECULATION SNAPPED INTO A UNIFIED BARK AS A TALL FIGURE DARKENED THE DOORWAY...
HEIL HITLER!
CLAD IN THE UNIFORM OF THE HATED S.S., ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN GERMANY STALKED SLOWLY INTO THE ROOM AND MOVED TO THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.
HEIL HITLER! LET US BE SEATED, GENTLEMEN!
THE COLD DISPASSIONATE EYES OF THE S.S. GENERAL FLICKED OVER THE ASSEMBLED OFFICERS...
I SHALL COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT GENTLEMEN! THE GERMAN NATION HAS BEEN HUMILIATED BY THE OUTRAGEOUS BRITISH ATTACK ON SAINTE NAZAIRE! THIS ATTACK MUST NOT GO UNANSWERED! YOU WILL PLAN A REPRISAL ATTACK AGAINST THE BRITISH!

AS HIS WORDS SANK IN, THE S.S. GENERAL ROSE SLOWLY TO HIS FEET . . .

I AM GOING ON A TOUR OF ALL THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES — FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE TO THE TIP OF NORWAY — TO TELL OUR MEN THAT ANYTHING THE ENEMY CAN DO WE CAN DO BETTER! YOU WILL BACK UP MY WORDS WITH DEEDS!

ANXIOUSLY, THE OFFICERS DEBATED THE TREMENDOUS TASK SET BEFORE THEM. FOR HOURS THEY ARGUED — THEN, A YOUNG COLONEL TURNED FROM STUDYING A MAP ON THE WALL . . .

I THINK I HAVE IT, GENTLEMEN. HERE IS A BRITISH PORT WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLES SAINTE NAZAIRE. WHAT BETTER PLAN COULD WE ADOPT THAN TO BLOW THIS SEAPORT TOWN FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH?


EAGERLY, THE OFFICERS CROWDED ROUND THE MAP. A WHOLE BRITISH PORT WIPED OUT...THIS WAS INDEED A BOLD PLAN THAT WOULD FIND FAVOUR WITH THEIR LEADERS.
EXCELLENT, HERR OBERST! WE MUST CALL IN OUR NAVAL CHIEFS AT ONCE!
AND SO IT WAS THAT THE PLAN TO DESTROY EBOR BAY WAS BORN.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NORWAY, THE RESISTANCE BANDS, INSPIRED BY THE ATTACK ON ST. NAZAIRE, HAD JOINED FORCES AND MADE THEIR FIRST MAJOR ATTACK AGAINST THE GERMANS...
BRAVO, COMRADES... THAT EXPLOSION IS NOTHING TO WHAT THE GERMANS CAN EXPECT FROM US IN THE FUTURE. QUICKLY NOW...WE MUST SPLIT UP AND MAKE OUR WAY HOME ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS!

AS SILENTLY AND AS SWIFTLY AS THEY HAD DEPARTED, THE PARTISANS RETURNED TO THEIR VILLAGES. SOME, LIKE MAYOR HAUGEN AND HIS MEN, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—AND OTHERS, WHO HAD MUCH LONGER JOURNEYS, BY SEA.
GOODBYE, GUNNAR! THANKS FOR THE TRIP...YOU SAVED US A LONG WALK. WE WILL MEET SOON TO STRIKE ANOTHER BLOW AT THE NAZIS!
THAT WE WILL, MY FRIENDS — VERY SOON! GOODBYE!

GUNNAR'S SMALL BOAT HAD PLAYED A BIG PART IN THE RAID — SHIPPING MOST OF THE EXPLOSIVES IN THE SECRET HATCH BENEATH THE DECK, BESIDES RETURNING SOME OF THE PARTISANS TO THEIR DISTANT HOMES.
THIS RAID WAS ONLY THE FIRST...WE WILL STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN — UNTIL THE WHOLE OF NAZI TYRANNY IS SWEPT FROM THE EARTH!

UNFORTUNATELY, ONE MAN HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE RAID AND THE ONLY DISLOYAL MAN IN THE VILLAGE — THE TRAITOROUS DOCTOR — HAD IDENTIFIED HIM AS ONE OF THE VILLAGERS.
MEN OF THIS VILLAGE WERE INVOLVED WITH THIS DEAD CUR IN THE ATTACK ON THE SUPPLY DUMP. UNLESS THOSE CONCERNED ADMIT THEIR GUILT, I SHALL KEEP THE WHOLE VILLAGE STANDING HERE UNTIL YOU FREEZE TO DEATH!

THE SULLEN SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED WAS BROKEN BY THE THROB OF AN ENGINE. GUNNAR, RETURNING A DAY BEHIND MAYOR HAUGEN AND THE REST OF THE MEN, HAD ARRIVED HOME.
YOU! PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD! SCHNELL!
WHAT THE...?

AT BAYONET POINT, GUNNAR WAS MARCHED THROUGH THE VILLAGE STREETS TO THE SQUARE. HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SAW THERE, HE WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE SNEERING COLONEL RADMACHER.

AH SO! THE CLEVER YOUNG FISHERMAN! PERHAPS YOU ARE SMART ENOUGH TO HELP ME WITH A LITTLE PROBLEM....

WITH A QUICK JERK, RADMACHER REMOVED THE BLANKET COVERING THE DEAD VILLAGER.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

GUNNAR'S HEART MISSED A BEAT AS HE GLANCED DOWN AT THE STILL FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN ONE OF HIS OWN FRIENDS. SLOWLY RADMACHER REPLACED THE BLANKET AND STOOD UP.

YOUR SILENCE TELLS ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW, SWINE! IT TELLS ME THAT YOU DO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE RAID.

BEFORE GUNNAR COULD REPLY, THE TRAITOROUS DOCTOR, LURKING IN THE BACKGROUND, STEPPED QUICKLY TO RADMACHER'S SIDE AND WHISPERED IN HIS EAR....
INDEED? ACH SO... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
TAKE THAT MAN TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE!

IT WAS CLEAR TO GUNNAR THAT THE SUPPLY DUMP ATTACK WAS THE MAIN REASON FOR THE INTERROGATION OF THE VILLAGE. BUT WHY SHOULD HE ALONE BE SELECTED AND BROUGHT TO RADMACHER'S OFFICE?
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY I HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE?
CERTAINLY YOU SHALL KNOW. YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE THE DOCTOR HAS TOLD ME SOME INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT YOU!
Signal

GUNNAR EYED THE TRAITOROUS DOCTOR WITH CONTEMPT. HOW COULD A ONCE-RESPECTED MAN SUDDENLY TURN UPON THE PEOPLE HE HAD HELPED FOR SO MANY YEARS?

RADMACHER'S OILY REMARK SENT A STABBING FEAR INTO GUNNAR'S BODY. HE STIFFENED PERCEPTIBLY AND RADMACHER'S COLD EYES NOTED HIS REACTION WITH CRUEL SATISFACTION.

WITH A CYNICAL GRIN PLAYING ON HIS LIPS, RADMACHER GOT UP FROM HIS CHAIR...
YOU'RE TOO HONEST, MY FRIEND. I THINK YOU'RE CLEVER ENOUGH TO TELL ME THE NAMES OF THE MEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE RAID ON OUR SUPPLY DUMPS AT NARVIK! NOW... WHO WERE THOSE MEN?

NOT DARING TO THINK OF THE DIABOLICAL METHODS RADMACHER WOULD USE TO GET THE INFORMATION, GUNNAR FACED UP TO HIS TORMENTOR BRAVELY...
FOR INFORMATION LIKE THAT, HERR COLONEL, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO FISHING YOURSELF!

RADMACHER'S GLOVES SLASHED ACROSS GUNNAR'S FACE...
NOBODY TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT... NOBODY! BUT IF I DO HAVE TO GO FISHING, THEN I'LL USE YOU AS BAIT! WE'LL SEE IF A NIGHT DANGLING ON A LINE OVER A MOUNTAIN RAVINE WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!

GUNNAR'S STOMACH MUSCLES CRAMPED WITH FEAR AS THEY STRUGGLED TO A ROUGH PLATEAU SOME SEVEN-HUNDRED FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL...
JA... THIS WILL DO, EXCELLENTLY! TIE THE ROPE AROUND HIM. I DON'T WANT HIM TO FALL... YET!

THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN WAS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF THAT SHEER SEVEN-HUNDRED FOOT DROP...
WELL, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND! TELL ME THE NAMES OF THOSE MEN OR YOU SHALL HANG FROM THIS MOUNTAIN...

BUT GUNNAR'S LIPS WERE TIGHTLY SHUT... AS MUCH THROUGH THE FEAR WHICH PARALYSED HIS WHOLE BODY AS WELL AS HIS DETERMINATION NOT TO BETRAY HIS FRIENDS...
YOU ARE A FOOL! SEE... THE ROPE IS NOT THICK... EVERY MOVEMENT WILL CHAFE IT ON THE SHARP EDGES OF THE ROCK! THE REST I LEAVE TO YOUR IMAGINATION...

A HARSH ORDER FROM COLONEL RADMACHER AND GUNNAR SOMMERFELT WAS LOWERED OVER THE EDGE...
PLEASE... PLEASE... MAY I NOT BETRAY MY FRIENDS!
ICY FINGERS OF TERROR CLUTCHED AT GUNNAR'S MIND AS HE SWUNG HELPLESSLY ABOVE THE YAWNING ABYSS RADMACHER'S TAUNTS CARRIED TO HIM ABOVE THE EERIE HOWL OF THE WIND...
THE ROPE IS FRAYING ALREADY, MY FRIEND! A LITTLE MORE AND WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PULL YOU BACK!
THE BRAVE HEART OF GUNNAR SOMMERFELT WAS BEING MERCILESSLY CRUSHED BY THE EVIL RADMACHER AS HE WORKED ON THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN'S TERROR OF HEIGHTS...
NO... NO... I-I CAN'T... I CAN'T STAND IT!

SENSING THAT HIS VICTIM WAS ON THE POINT OF BREAKING, RADMACHER INCREASED HIS TORMENTING PRESSURE...
IT'S TOO LATE, YOU FOOL... THE ROPE'S GOING! SUCH A PITY... YOU HAVE SUFFERED FOR NOTHING!

RADMACHER'S WORDS STRUCK THE ULTIMATE OF TERROR INTO GUNNAR'S FRENZIED MIND. HIS FEAR HAD BECOME TOO GREAT FOR HIM TO BEAR ANY LONGER...
NO! NO! HAUL ME UP! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW... ANYTHING!

A TRIUMPHANT GLEAM IN HIS EYE, RADMACHER ORDERED GUNNAR TO BE PULLED UP. AS THE YOUNG NORWEGIAN LAY SOBBING WITH REACTION ON THE GROUND, THE TRAITOROUS DOCTOR PULLED OUT A SHEET OF PAPER...

HERE IS A LIST OF THOSE WHO WE THINK TOOK PART IN THE RAID. YOU WILL READ IT AND SIGN IT... OR BACK YOU GO OVER THE EDGE!

HIS POWER TO RESIST UTTERLY BROKEN, GUNNAR SIGNED THE LIST THAT WAS THE DEATH WARRANT FOR MANY OF HIS FRIENDS. HE WAS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN AND FLUNG INTO AN OUTHOUSE ADJOINING THE COUNCIL BUILDINGS...

GET IN THERE AND ROT! A MAN WHO WOULD BETRAY HIS FRIENDS DESERVES NO BETTER!

DESPISED BY HIS CAPTORS, GUNNAR SOMMERFELT SOBBED AWAY THE DARK HOURS OF THE NIGHT. AT DAWN, THE TRAMP OF JACKBOOTS ON THE COURT-YARD OUTSIDE AROUSED HIM...
FIRING SQUAD... HALT!
A FIRING SQUAD! WHAT HAVE I DONE... WHAT HAVE I DONE?

AT A SINGLE WORD OF COMMAND, MAYOR HAUGEN AND FIFTEEN BRAVE MEMBERS OF THE RESISTANCE GROUP DIED...
FIRE!

Chapter 3. REPRISAL RAID

THERE WAS AN EVIL GRIN ON COLONEL RADMACHER'S FACE AS HE AND THE TRAITOROUS DOCTOR RETURNED TO THE COUNCIL BUILDINGS...
THE SIGNATURE OF GUNNAR SOMMERFELT MADE NO DIFFERENCE ... I WOULD HAVE SHOT THEM ALL ANYWAY. BUT THE ACCURSED TERRORIST BANDS MUST BE BROKEN!

BUT ALTHOUGH RADMACHER HAD BROKEN GUNNAR'S SPIRIT IN THE MOUNTAINS, NO MAN IS A TRUE COWARD WHO SUCCUMBS TO THE FEARS HE READILY ADMITS...
I SWEAR THAT SO LONG AS THERE IS BREATH IN MY BODY I WILL BE AVENGED ON THE NAZI SWINE WHO HAVE THIS DAY MADE ME A TRAITOR AND A COWARD IN THE EYES OF MY PEOPLE! I SWEAR THIS AS MY SOLEMN OATH!

AN HOUR LATER, THE NOTORIOUS SS. GENERAL ON HIS MORALE-BOOSTING TOUR OF THE GERMAN ARMIES WAS HIMSELF SEATED IN RADMACHER'S CHAIR...
THIS IS INDEED AN UNEXPECTED HONOUR, HERR GENERAL.
IT WAS OUR LEADER'S WISH THAT I, PERSONALLY, VISIT HIS TROOPS EVEN IN OUR MOST DISTANT OUTPOSTS. HE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO THINK THAT HE IS NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT ALL HIS LOYAL TROOPS ARE DOING!
AFTER THAT FIRST GLIMMER OF INTEREST GUNNAR WAS FORCED TO LISTEN TO MUCH VAIN BOASTINGS. THEN, LATER THAT EVENING, AFTER THE TWO GERMANS HAD DINED WELL...
MORE WINE, HERR GENERAL?
THANK YOU... TELL ME, RADMACHER, ARE YOUR MEN IN GOOD HEART?
DRINK UP, GENERAL... PERHAPS THE WINE WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE.

NEW LIFE SUDDENLY FLOWED THROUGH GUNNAR'S VEINS AS INSPIRATION AND HOPE WERE REVIVED IN HIM. WHAT BETTER WAY COULD THERE BE OF AVENGING HIMSELF THAN BY THWARTING THE GERMANS' PLAN? BUT FIRST HE HAD TO ESCAPE . . .
THE NAZIS WILL PAY DEARLY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO ME! I WILL FOIL THEIR VILE PLAN — OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!

LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL, GUNNAR BEGAN TO TEAR AT THE OUTER WALL OF HIS PRISON. AFTER MANY HOURS OF SILENT TOIL, HE AT LAST PRISED LOOSE SOME BOARDS AND SQUEEZED THROUGH INTO THE CRISP DAWN AIR.
NOW I MUST CREEP PAST THE GUARDS AND GET TO MY BOAT . . . LET'S HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS!

AN ORDERLY POURED THE WINE AND LEFT THE ROOM...
WELL, HERR GENERAL, I REGRET THAT THE NEWS OF THE SAINTE NAZAIRE RAID, FOLLOWED BY A TERRORIST ATTACK ON OUR SUPPLIES AT NARVIK AFFECTED THE MORALE OF MY TROOPS VERY SERIOUSLY!
QUITE SO! NOW I WILL GIVE YOU INFORMATION THAT WILL CHANGE THAT...

THE GENERAL LEANED FORWARD IMPORTANTLY...
EXACTLY SIXTEEN DAYS FROM TODAY, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THE ENGLISH SEAPORT TOWN OF EBOR BAY WILL BE BLASTED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
HIMMEL! WHAT A COUNTER-STROKE! TELL ME MORE...

PADDING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS, GUNNAR SOON REACHED THE QUAY. HIS BOAT WAS STILL THERE EXACTLY AS HE HAD LEFT IT.
IF I START THE ENGINE THOSE GERMAN SWINE WILL BE ON TO ME . . . I MUST HOIST A SAIL!

THE WIND CAUGHT THE SAIL AND THE BOAT BEGAN TO FORGE INTO THE DARKNESS. NOW COOL CAUTION REPLACED THE HOT RECKLESSNESS THAT HAD PROMPTED HIS BID FOR FREEDOM.
BY FIRST LIGHT, THE GERMANS WILL BE OUT IN FORCE LOOKING FOR ME . . . THEY WILL BE SURE TO FIND MY BOAT MISSING. I MUST HIDE OUT UNTIL THE HUE AND CRY HAS DIED DOWN!

AND SO, ON THE EVENING OF THE FIFTH DAY, GUNNAR SAILED OUT FROM THE FIORD INTO A STEADILY RISING SEA . . .
THE HARDER IT BLOWS THE BETTER IT WILL BE TO COVER MY ESCAPE!

AT NIGHTFALL ON HIS FIRST DAY OUT, THE WINDS INCREASED TO GALE FORCE AND IT WAS ONLY HIS SKILL AND DETERMINATION THAT KEPT HIS CRAFT AFLOAT . . .

FROM HIS IMMENSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FIORDS, GUNNAR REMEMBERED A ROCKY CREEK WHERE HE WOULD BE SAFE FROM THE SEARCHING EYES OF HIS HATED ENEMY...
THEY WILL HAVE EXPECTED ME TO HEAD STRAIGHT OUT TO SEA... BUT I AM NOT YET READY TO DIE BY THEIR BOMBS.

FOR FOUR DAYS HE WAS FORCED TO HIDE UP. BUT IT DID NOT WEAKEN HIS RESOLUTION TO SAIL HIS FRAIL CRAFT TO BRITAIN AND DELIVER HIS INFORMATION, THUS DESTROYING THE GERMANS' REPRISAL ATTACK AGAINST EBOR BAY.
AH— THERE IS A STIFF WIND GETTING UP! BAD WEATHER SHOULD KEEP THE GERMAN PLANES ON THE GROUND AND THEIR SHIPS CLOSE INSHORE...

AFTER A NIGHTMARE VOYAGE OF SIX DAYS ON A STORM-RAVAGED SEA, A TRAWLER TOOK HIM FROM HIS BATTERED BOAT, NOT THREE MILES FROM THE SCOTTISH PORT OF ABERDEEN.
EASY WITH HIM... THE POOR DEVIL'S VERY NEARLY ALL IN!

THREE DAYS LATER, GUNNAR AWOKE IN A HOSPITAL BED...
WHERE... WHERE AM I? HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?
YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING FOR THREE DAYS, LADDIE... BUT YOU'RE QUITE SAFE NOW!
YOU STILL NEED PLENTY OF REST— NO EXCITEMENT!

SUDDENLY, THE NORWEGIAN'S CLOUDED BRAIN CLEARED AND HE SPRANG OUT OF BED . . .
THREE DAYS! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT! TAKE ME TO YOUR NEAREST MILITARY INTELLIGENCE AT ONCE . . . I HAVE SOME VITAL INFORMATION!
HOLD ON— YOU CAN'T LEAVE HERE YET! YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH!

BUT GUNNAR'S DETERMINED PLEADING EVENTUALLY PREVAILED. TWO HOURS LATER, HE FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE AN ELDERLY CAPTAIN OF THE NEAREST INTELLIGENCE BRANCH . . .
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT IN TWO DAYS' TIME THE GERMANS ARE GOING TO BLOW UP EBOR BAY? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I THINK THAT LONG BOAT TRIP OF YOURS HAS MADE YOU START TO IMAGINE THINGS!
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! EVERYTHING I'VE TOLD YOU IS TRUE . . . YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!

THE OFFICER LAZILY PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE AND AFTER TEN MINUTES OF IDLE CONVERSATION, HE REPLACED THE RECEIVER.

THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN WHAT YOU SAY, OF COURSE, SO I'M SENDING YOU TO LONDON FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. THE SERGEANT WILL FIND YOU A BED FOR THE NIGHT!

GUNNAR SOMMERFELT COULD SCARCELY CONCEAL HIS FRUSTRATION...

AFTER GUNNAR'S TORTURE BY THE NAZIS AND HIS ORDEAL AT SEA, THE LUKEWARM RECEPTION OF HIS INFORMATION WAS DRIVING THE NORWEGIAN TO THE POINT OF DESPAIR.

CAN'T YOU MAKE THIS TRUCK GO ANY FASTER! I MUST GET TO LONDON AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE! IT'S VITALLY URGENT!

THE OLD TRUCK'S DOING HER BEST, MATE! BESIDES, WE'VE GOT A SPEED LIMIT IN THIS COUNTRY, Y'KNOW!

BUT ONCE IN LONDON, GUNNAR FOUND THAT THE PACE OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HAD MOVED INTO TOP GEAR. HE WAS QUICKLY BROUGHT BEFORE A KEEN-EYED INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.
CAN YOU DESCRIBE FOR ME THE HIGH RANKING OFFICER WHOM YOU CLAIM TO HAVE OVERHEARD DIVULGE THE SECRET OF THIS ATTACK ON EBOR BAY?
NO — I CAN'T... I WAS IMPRISONED IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR! BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER — EVERYTHING I HAVE TOLD YOU IS THE TRUTH?
BUT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WAS LONG EXPERIENCED IN THE ART OF QUESTIONING STRANGERS WHO CAME TO THE SHORES OF WAR-SHROUDED BRITAIN WITH FANTASTIC STORIES.
VERY WELL, WE'LL LEAVE THAT FOR THE MOMENT. INSTEAD, PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL WHY YOU WERE IMPRISONED IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR?

GUNNAR STARTED. THIS WAS A QUESTION THAT HE JUST COULD NOT ANSWER — TO DO SO WOULD BRAND HIM AS A TRAITOR AND A COWARD AND HIS STORY WOULD THEN NEVER BE BELIEVED.
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D ANSWER THAT ONE. BUT PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER IT FOR YOU. A WEEK AGO, FOUR OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY. THEY, LIKE YOURSELF, HAD ESCAPED FROM THE NAZIS. I HAVE ONE OF THEM HERE NOW...

GUNNAR STARED IN HORROR AND AMAZEMENT AS THROUGH THE DOOR STRODE LARS KNUDSEN... ONE OF THE MEN WHO WAS ON RADMACHER'S DEATH LIST THAT GUNNAR HAD BEEN FORCED TO SIGN.
YOU! BUT — I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD, EH? UNLUCKILY FOR YOU, FOUR OF US ESCAPED THE FIRING SQUAD — AND I HAVE TOLD THIS OFFICER OF YOUR TREACHERY! SO NOTHING YOU SAY WILL SAVE YOUR MISERABLE NECK!

WITH THE GERMANS' ATTACK ON EBOR BAY NOW ONLY A FEW HOURS AWAY, IT SEEMED THAT EVERY VESTIGE OF HOPE THAT GUNNAR HAD OF FOILING IT WAS GONE.

YOU WILL BE DETAINED IN PRISON UNTIL YOUR TRIAL. INCIDENTALLY, THE PRISON TO WHICH YOU ARE GOING IS ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM THE PORT OF EBOR BAY—I HOPE YOU ARE NOT DISTURBED BY THE EXPLOSION WHEN THE GERMANS BLOW IT UP!

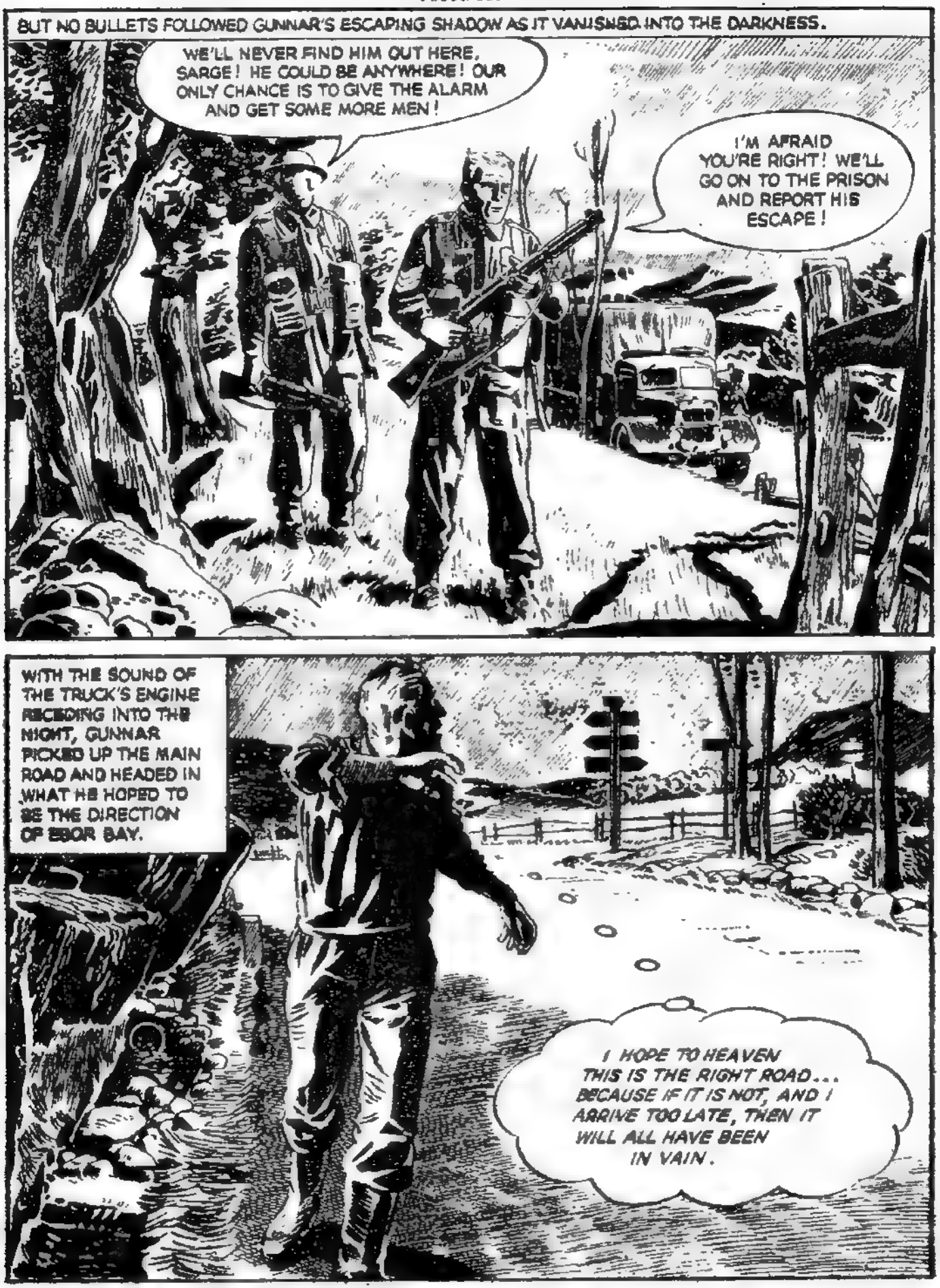
THIS LAST BITING RIDICULE FROM THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WOULD HAVE DRIVEN MOST MEN INTO GIVING UP THE FIGHT BUT INSTEAD, IT GAVE GUNNAR A DESPERATE GLIMMER OF HOPE . . .

AT THIS VERY MOMENT THE GERMANS ARE STEAMING NEARER TO THE BRITISH COAST... I MUST ESCAPE! BUT FIRST, I MUST FIND OUT IN WHAT DIRECTION EBOR BAY LIES!

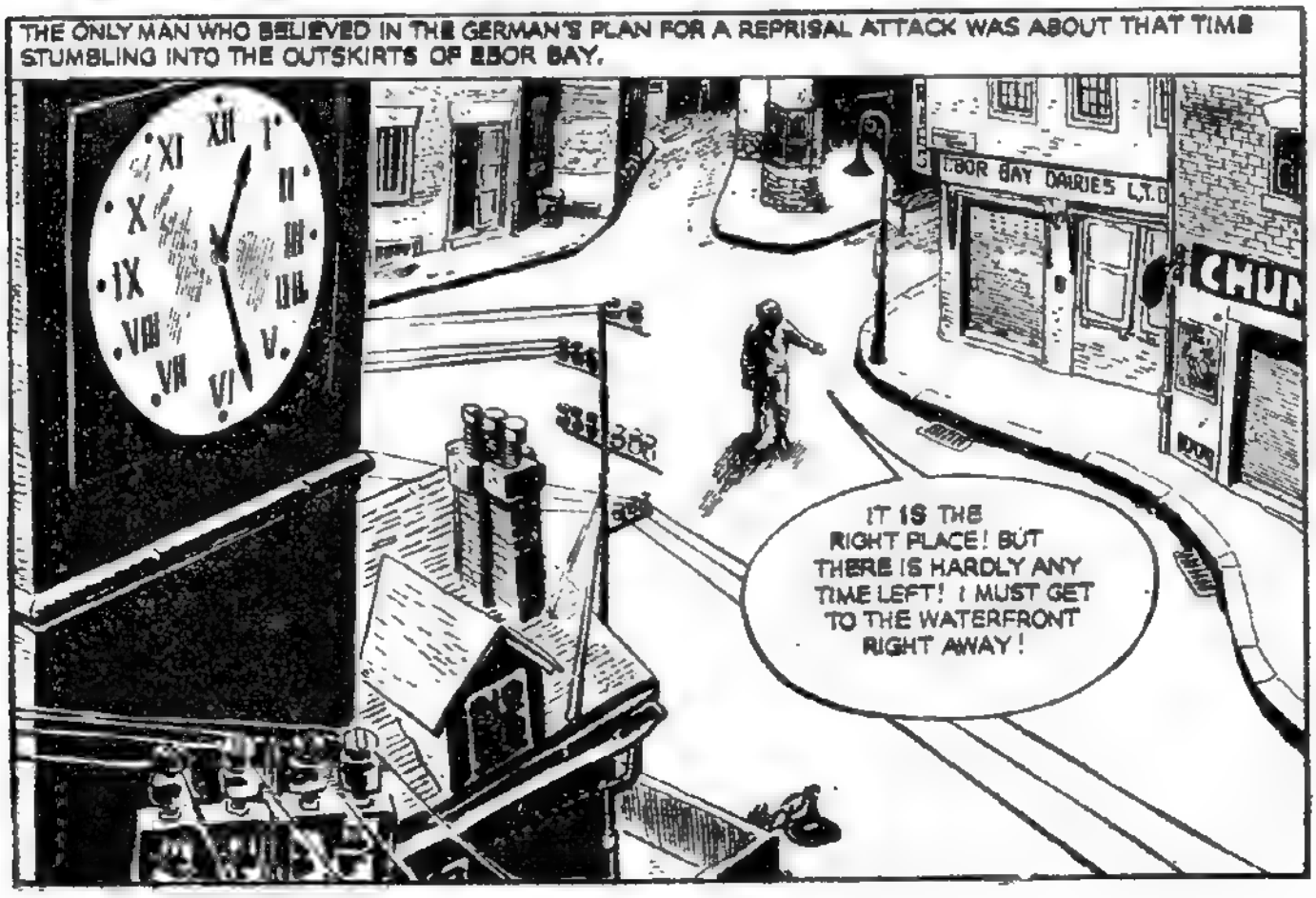
HIS BRITISH GUARDS WERE FRIENDLY ENOUGH AND, UNWITTINGLY, THEY TOLD HIM WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW.
I UNDERSTAND THE PRISON IS NOT FAR FROM EBOR BAY?
THAT'S RIGHT, MATE... BUT YOU WON'T SEE IT. WE TURN OFF SOON ABOUT TEN MILES FROM EBOR BAY.

FOR A CONSIDERABLE TIME THE ENGINE OF THE TRUCK MAINTAINED A STEADY THROB. THEN THE TRUCK SHUDDERED AS THE DRIVER BEGAN TO SLOW DOWN TO TURN...
RIGHT! THIS MUST BE WHERE WE TURN OFF ON TO THE ROAD TO THE PRISON...

Chapter 4. The DEFIANT GUN


BUT NO BULLETS FOLLOWED GUNNAR'S ESCAPING SHADOW AS IT VANISHED INTO THE DARKNESS.
WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM OUT HERE, SARGE! HE COULD BE ANYWHERE! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GIVE THE ALARM AND GET SOME MORE MEN!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GO ON TO THE PRISON AND REPORT HIS ESCAPE!
WITH THE SOUND OF THE TRUCK'S ENGINE RECEDING INTO THE NIGHT, GUNNAR PICKED UP THE MAIN ROAD AND HEADED IN WHAT HE HOPED TO BE THE DIRECTION OF EBOR BAY.
I HOPE TO HEAVEN THIS IS THE RIGHT ROAD... BECAUSE IF IT IS NOT, AND I ARRIVE TOO LATE, THEN IT WILL ALL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN.

MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE CHANNEL, THE GERMAN REPRISAL FORCE STEAMED NEARER TO EBOR BAY UNDETECTED.
CHECK YOUR WATCHES, GENTLEMEN! IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS FROM NOW THE MOST DARING OPERATION OF THE WAR WILL EXPLODE RIGHT INTO THE LAPS OF THE STUPID BRITISH!


THE ONLY MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE GERMAN'S PLAN FOR A REPRISAL ATTACK WAS ABOUT THAT TIME STUMBLING INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF EBOR BAY.
EBOR BAY DAIRIES LTD
IT IS THE RIGHT PLACE! BUT THERE IS HARDLY ANY TIME LEFT! I MUST GET TO THE WATERFRONT RIGHT AWAY!

GUNNAR RAN UNCHALLENGED THROUGH THE BLACKED-OUT STREETS TO THE DOCKS. BUT AS HE CREPT SILENTLY PAST THE GUARDED WAREHOUSES AND CRANES...
THEY SAY THAT A FOREIGNER BROKE AWAY FROM AN ARMED ESCORT NEAR... HE COULD BE HEADED THIS WAY. WE'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT!
IF THEY FIND ME NOW, IT'S ALL OVER!

FINALLY THE GUARDS MOVED OFF AND GUNNAR BEGAN THE FIRST PART OF A SIMPLE BUT SUICIDAL PLAN TO DEFEAT THE GERMAN FORCE.
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO! I MUST STEAL A BOAT AND GO OUT TO MEET THE GERMAN FORCE. IF I CAN GET THEM TO FIRE AT ME, THEN THE GUNNERS ON THE SHORE WILL BE ALERTED...

MOORED IN THE OUTER HARBOUR, GUNNAR FOUND WHAT HE WANTED — THE SMALL FISHING BOATS OF THE FISHERMEN OF EBOR BAY. CLAMBERING ABOARD ONE, HE QUICKLY STARTED THE ENGINE...

NOW LET THEM COME...LET THEM ALL COME! FOR I WILL SEE THEM DESTROYED EVEN THOUGH IT MAY MEAN MY OWN DEATH!

FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, GUNNAR WORKED THE SMALL BOAT OUTWARDS AGAINST A CHOPPY SEA. THEN, SUDDENLY, A GAUNT STEEL SHAPE LOOMED UP OUT OF THE DARKNESS...

WHAT'S THAT..?

THE SPIDERY GIRDERS OF A GUNNERY DEFENCE TOWER STEEPLED HIGH ABOVE THE SMALL BOAT. GUNNAR STARED UPWARDS AND HIS PULSE RACED AT THE SIGHT OF A TARPAULIN-COVERED SHAPE JUTTING FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER.
. . . . IT CAN'T BE . . . SURELY IT ISN'T . . .

FEVERISHLY, HE SCRAMBLED UP THE LADDER TO FIND BENEATH THE TARPAULIN, A RUSTING FOUR-INCH GUN. THIS PARTICULAR TOWER, IN FACT, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST EXPERIMENTS WITH THIS TYPE OF DEFENCE. BUT IT HAD BECOME OBSOLETE BEFORE IT WAS COMPLETED.
AT LAST THE LUCK IS COMING MY WAY...THERE IS AMMUNITION HERE AS WELL! ONE SHOT IS ALL I NEED.... JUST ENOUGH TO ALERT THE SHORE BATTERIES!

MINUTES LATER, THE LOW HUM OF THE SHIPS' ENGINES DRIFTED TO GUNNAR'S EARS. HE FORCED A SHELL INTO THE BREECH AND HEAVED WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH TO LAY THE RUSTING GUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND.

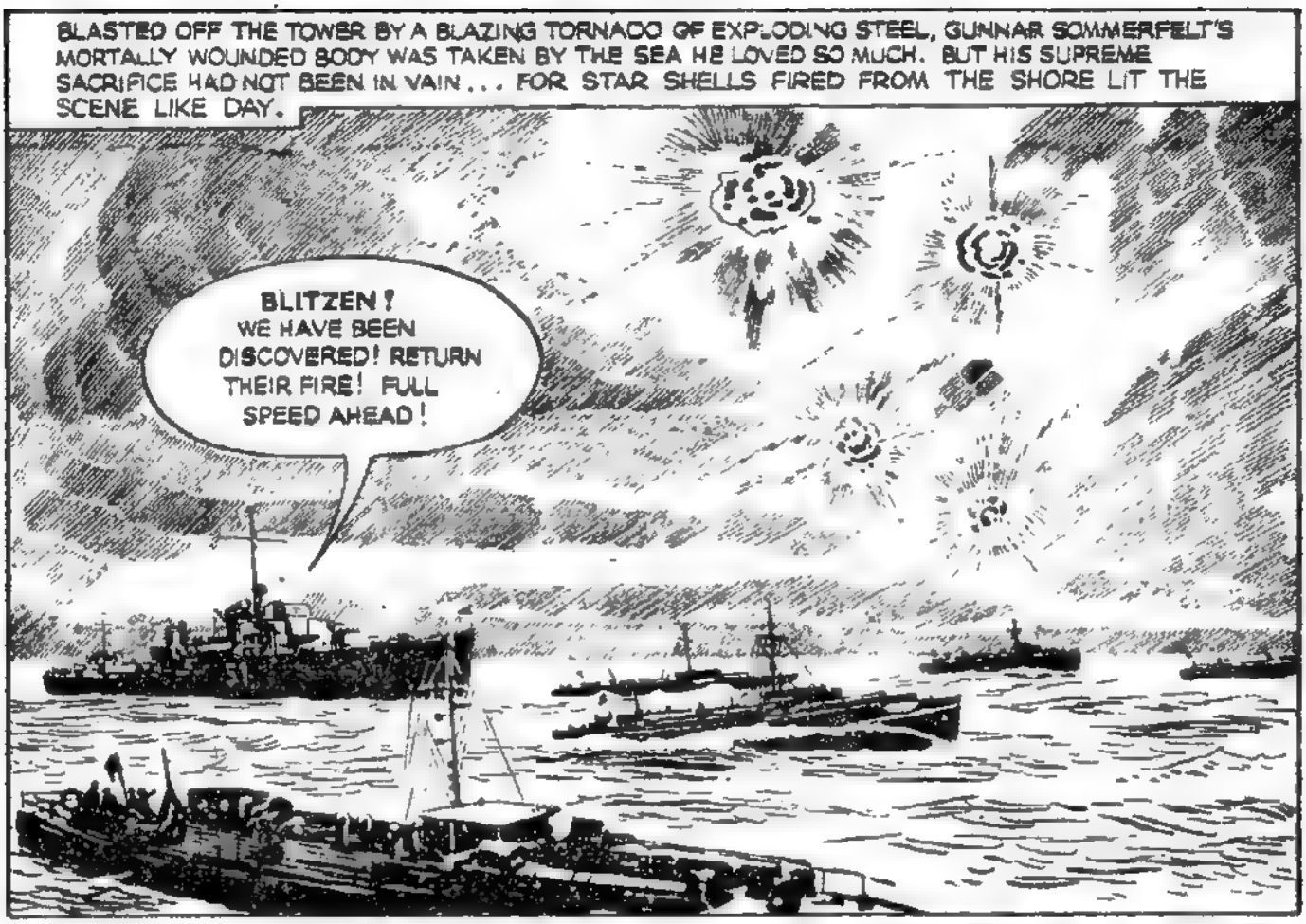
ABOARD A GERMAN GUNBOAT, THE ENEMY GUNNERS WERE BEGINNING TO FEEL THE STRAIN OF THEIR SILENT APPROACH TO THE BRITISH COAST....

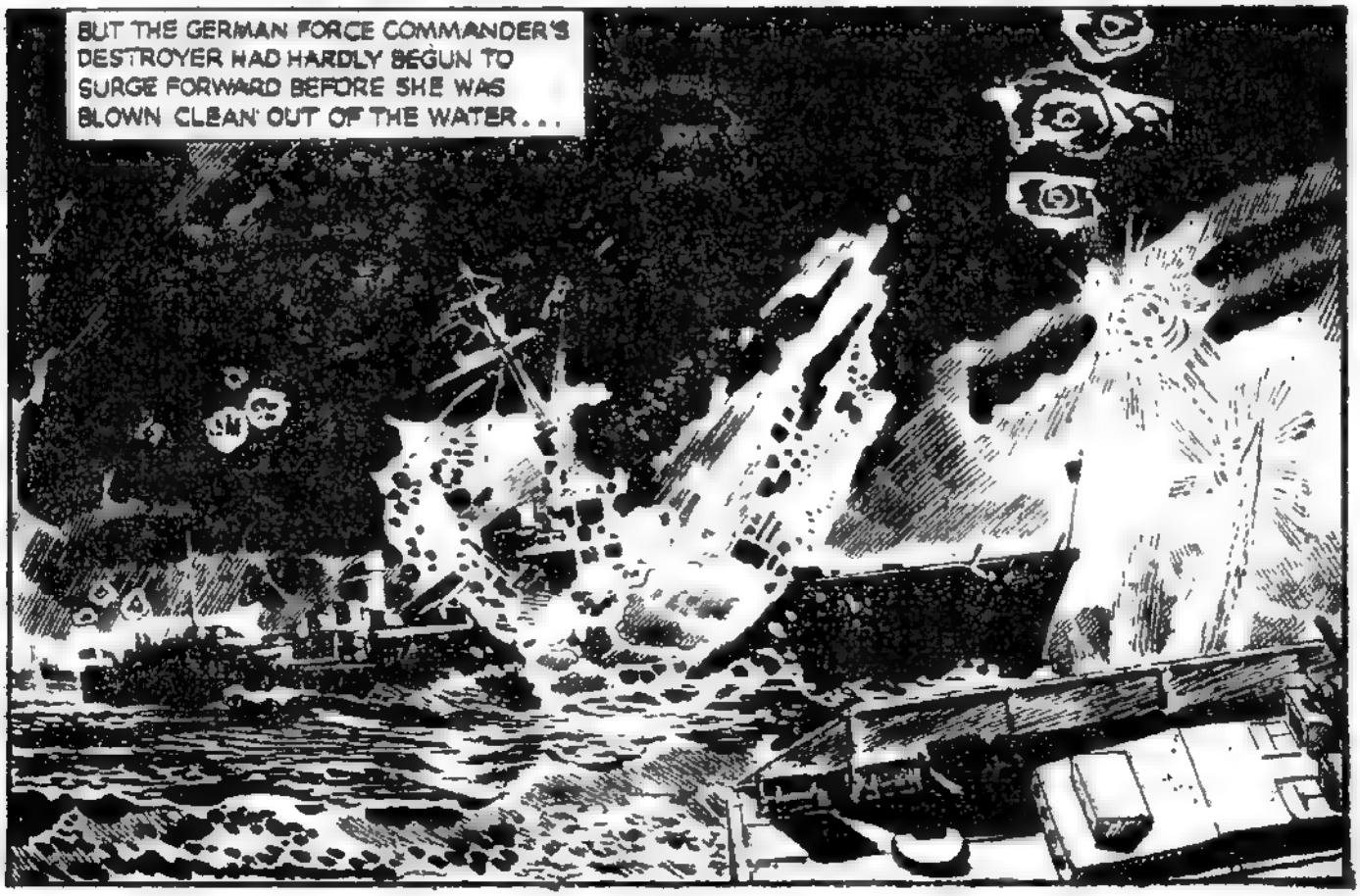
HIGH UP ON THE TOWER, GUNNAR'S KEEN EYES PICKED UP THE BOW WAVE OF THE NEAREST GUNBOAT. PAINSTAKINGLY, HE TRAVERSED THE GUN. THEN CAME THE MOMENT OF REVENGE AS THE DERELICT GUN SHATTERED THE SILENCE...
FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME, I TAKE MY REVENGE ONE HUNDREDFOLD!

GUNNAR'S FIRST SHOT SMASHED INTO THE GUNBOAT. IT WAS FOLLOWED BY A SECOND AND THIRD WHICH REDUCED THE CRAFT TO A GUTTED WRECK...
AAAGH!

ALL GUNNAR'S HATRED WAS POURED OUT AS HE SLAMMED SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO THE SMOKING BREECH....
MAY YOU REMEMBER THE REVENGE OF GUNNAR SOMMERFELT!

BUT THE CHAOS CAUSED BY GUNNAR'S FIRE WAS ONLY MOMENTARY. WITHIN SECONDS THE TOWER WAS AN EXPLODING MASS OF SHELLS AS THE OTHER GERMAN VESSELS OPENED FIRE...
AAAAAH! LONG LIVE MY PEOPLE...AND MY COUNTRY...


BLASTED OFF THE TOWER BY A BLAZING TORNADO OF EXPLODING STEEL, GUNNAR SOMMERFELT'S MORTALLY WOUNDED BODY WAS TAKEN BY THE SEA HE LOVED SO MUCH. BUT HIS SUPREME SACRIFICE HAD NOT BEEN IN VAIN... FOR STAR SHELLS FIRED FROM THE SHORE LIT THE SCENE LIKE DAY.
BLITZEN! WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED! RETURN THEIR FIRE! FULL SPEED AHEAD!


BUT THE GERMAN FORCE COMMANDER'S DESTROYER HAD HARDLY BEGUN TO SURGE FORWARD BEFORE SHE WAS BLOWN CLEAN OUT OF THE WATER...

DEPRIVED OF THEIR COMMANDER, THE GERMAN REPRISAL FORCE MILLED ABOUT IN CONFUSION. MINUTES LATER, THE SHORE BATTERIES WERE AIDED BY A FLIGHT OF FIGHTER BOMBERS URGENTLY CALLED UP TO REPEL THE GERMAN ATTACK...
LEADERLESS AND BROKEN, WHAT REMAINED OF THE GERMAN REPRISAL FORCE TURNED AWAY FROM THE TARGET THEY HAD NEVER REACHED AND RAN FOR THE OPEN SEA...ONLY TO BE POUNDED BY THE GUNS OF BRITISH DESTROYERS RACING TO THE SCENE...

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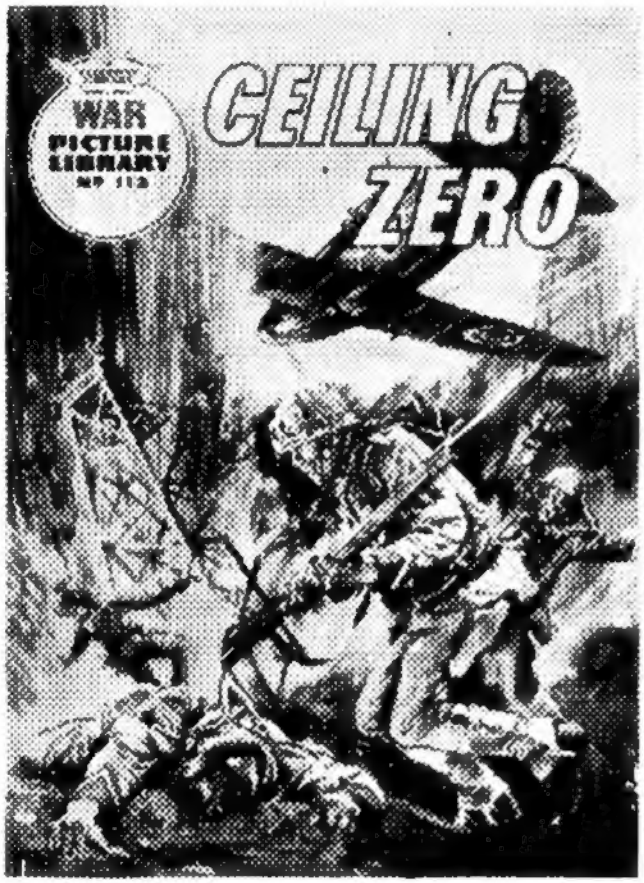

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